

The history

Witnesse the proceffe of your speech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.

Ane. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite, and pollicy.

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentlenesse:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I swere:
No man aliuie can loue in such a sort,

The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We sympathize: *Ioue* let *Aeneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:

With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow-----

Ane. We know each other well?

Diom. We do and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightfull gentle greeting,
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what businesse
Lord so earely?

Ane. I was sent for to the King? but why I know not.

Par. His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* house, and there to render him:

For the enfrued *Anthenor* the faire *Cressid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you please,
Hast there before vs. I constantly beleue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)

My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night,
Rouse him and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare

of Troilus and

I feare we shall be much vnwelco

Aeneas. That I assure you: *Troilus*

borne to Greece, then *Cressid* bo

Paris. There is no helpe.

The bitter disposition of the tim

On Lord, weele follow you.

Aeneas. Good morrow all.

Paris. And tell me noble *Dio*

Euen in soule of sound good fell

Who in your thoughts, deserues

My selfe, or *Menelaus*.

Diom. Both alike.

Hee merits well to haue her that

Not making any scruple of her so

With such a hell of paine, and w

And you as well to keepe her, th

Not pallating the taste of her di

With such a costly losse of wealt

He like a puling Cuckold woul

The lees and dregs of a flat tam

You like a lecher out of whori

Are pleas'd to breed out your in

Both merits poyzd, each weighs

But he as he, the heauier for a v

Paris. You are too bitter to y

Diom. Shees bitter to her cor

For euery faise drop in her baw

A Grecians life hath sunke: for

Of her contaminated carrion w

A Trojan hath beene slaine. Sin

Shee hath not giuen so many g

As for her Greekes and Trojan

Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do a

Dispraise the thing that they de

But we in silence hold this vert

Weele not commend, what we

our way. *Exeunt.* Enter

Troy. Deere, trouble not yo